



OUT INTO THE STORM.

Dame Van Winkle Banishes Rip and His Dog.



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Cartoons and Comments

"PERSECUTED INNOCENCE" AND GOMPERS.

A MINOR result of the McNAMARA confession should be noticeable henceforth in the public statements of SAMUEL GOMPERS. The next time any man identified with Organized Labor is accused of crime, it is likely that Mr. GOMPERS will think at least twice before giving him a clean bill of innocence. When the recent news from Los Angeles was brought to GOMPERS, the President of the American Federation of Labor was "shocked beyond expression." He announced furthermore that "his credulity had been grossly imposed upon." How unfeeling therefore were those newspapers which reprinted his interview of April 23 last, the day after JOHN J. McNAMARA was caught, for in that interview there was no suggestion by Mr. GOMPERS that he could possibly be imposed upon. He knew. He could not by any chance be mistaken. "The stage was all set," he declared, "for the first act of a tragedy contemplating the assassination of Organized Labor. Ever since the Los Angeles tragedy," he continued, "the interests had been trying to fasten guilt upon Organized Labor, and it might just as well be McNAMARA as another." There was no intimation that the accused might possibly be guilty, and that if they were they merited the severest punishment that the law could impose. Nothing of the kind. It was a "conspiracy," a plot to persecute innocence. When the confession came it naturally left Mr. GOMPERS without a leg to stand on. "Persecuted innocence" admitted its guilt, and Mr. GOMPERS was "shocked beyond expression." It is likely that for a while at least the practice of dynamiting will fall into dis-

favor, but in case a duplicate of the McNAMARA affair should ever occur, and Organized Labor is suspected of having a hand in it, we suggest to Mr. GOMPERS that he quit talking about "conspiracies," and give to the press some such statement as this: "I believe the accused to be an innocent man. That is my right. If his guilt should be established, however, let the law take its full course. More I cannot say until all the facts are known." What a comfort it would have been to SAMUEL GOMPERS had he been able to point to such a statement the day he was inexpressibly shocked.

It is pathetic to see a man preaching one doctrine and practising another, and it is equally pathetic to see an Administration doing it. Is the present Administration doing that? Let us look. One part of the present Administration, the Department of Justice, has recently come out with some strong preaching on the subject of Monopoly. Monopoly, quoth the Department of Justice, is a bad, bad thing, and should be broken up. Which is what the Department of Justice is endeavoring to do. Now, another part of the present Administration is the Postal Department. The Postal Department, by refusing to establish a Parcels Post in the interests of all the people, helps more than any other one factor to maintain a most irksome monopoly, that of the express companies. There is nothing doubtful about the expediency of the Parcels Post; other nations have it and know that it is good. The Department of Justice, let us give it credit, is trying by its suits under the Sherman Law to do something for the little men, the small producer and the small consumer. The Postal Department, on the other hand, maintains the opposite attitude. By taking no initiative toward the establishment of a Parcels Post, it works injury both to producer and consumer, for by means of a Parcels Post at the low rate which other countries charge, producer and consumer might reach each other to mutual advantage through channels which now are closed, and closed because of the exorbitant charges of the express monopoly. One might almost remark to the Administration that those who dwell in glass houses ought not to throw stones.



NOT YET!



FOR early morn, when first she wakes,
This dainty maiden sweet
A Japanese kimono owns,
Turk's slippers for her feet.
She goes to walk in Scottish plaid
And Alpine hat, each day!
A Norfolk jacket, neat and trim,
My modish fiancée.

A gown of Swiss, with Irish lace,
I've often seen her wear;
She tells me that the neck is Dutch,
And Greek her style of hair.

And if perchance the day turns cool,
She has a fetching way
Of slipping on a Russian blouse,
My modish fiancée.

A hat of Neapolitan
She has for out of town;
A Spanish scarf I've seen surmount
Her Paris evening gown;
In fact, her wardrobe seems to be
A curious m  le
From every corner of the earth,—
My modish fiancée.

Cornelia Redmond.

REQUIEM OF THE PURP.

THE Chairman of the National Committee of the Woman's Relief Corps is intensely worried about the actions of several members of the Signal Corps of the army in the matter of the interment of Muggies, a dog mascot, deceased. These men stand accused of wrapping the dog's body in a United States flag, and sounding taps on a bugle, meanwhile standing by with bared heads; all of which, in the lady's opinion, constitutes a disgrace to the flag.



It is difficult to form a judicial opinion about this grave case without knowing more about the dog. Some dogs merit a discreet combination of chloroform and Potter's Field, and the quicker the better. No taps for them; not one tap. In life they have found their vocation in racing streets, keeping late hours, frightening ice-men and other timid souls, and otherwise committing acts uncouth and overt. If Muggies was that kind of a dog, then the Woman's Corps is nobly inspired.

But there are other dogs. Suppose Muggies led a respectable dog's life from purp to cadaver; came ever on the jump when his master, having nothing else to do, whistled; sat on his haunches and cast admiring glances at men whom nobody human in the wide world would consider worthy of admiration; and obligingly retrieved cobble-stones, fence pickets, old shoes, and other objects, for the delectation of his boss? Such dogs are still rare enough to deserve anything in the way of post-mortem appreciation they can get; and to write their funeral eulogy would n't tax the imagination half as much as in the case of some human beings of whom we wot. After all, a flag's a flag, and taps are usually throaty blasts out of tune; but a good dog is the only living creature from whom you can get all the flattery you want without having to watch your pocket-book.

Freeman Tilden.



THE COST OF HIGH LIVING.

WIFE.—George, do you know that the children need new shoes?
HUSBAND.—So does the auto! The children will have to wait!



THE DEPTHS OF MISERY.

DOWNCAST ALASKAN PROSPECTOR.—I just ain't got the heart t' dig, 'cause with every ounce o' gold I takes out o' the earth, I decrease the purchasin' power of th' dollar!

BALLADE OF A DISCONTENTED MAN.



IF FOOD I have a goodly store
Against the winter months put by;
I carry water in no more,
We have it in our dwelling; I
Don't have to rise at dawn and fly
To gather wood all snowy wet;
But these things do not satisfy—
I want the things I cannot get!

If you should look my wardrobe o'er
That I have clothes you'd not deny;
And jewels from a stranger shore
I have in plenty; you'd descry
Full many books, if you should try,
Upon their shelves to find them—yet
For me doth pleasure always die—
I want the things I cannot get!

It matters not if I deplore
My lot, and straightway then apply
Myself to change it—oft before
I have succeeded but to shy
At my success with face awry,
And say: "Alas, it's my regret,
Though for this thing I used to sigh,
I want the things I cannot get!"

L'ENVOI.

Desire feeds on itself. That's why
I only sit and fume and fret,
Or mayhap wail: "O me! O my!
I want the things I cannot get!"

Chas. C. Jones.

EN ROUTE WITH FABIUS.

THE astute Fabius, inventor of the justly-celebrated Fabian policy, was being asked about it by a committee of the Roman Senate sent out to investigate the conduct of the campaign.

"Why," the latter inquired, "do you shift your position every day?"
"Well, this is the theatre of war, is it not?" rejoined Fabius.
"Precisely!" assented the committee, endeavoring to look wise.

"And who," the famous captain thereupon exclaimed, "having any practical experience with theatres, does n't know that filling engagements at one-night stands will wear out an eminent star-performer like Hannibal sooner than a mere barnstormer like your humble servant!"

CONCERNING SPORT.

TWELVE pairs of bicycle riders at Madison Square Garden, New York City, riding in a circle for six days and nights. Twelve Indian couples on the summit of Mount Shasta, playing oboes. Twenty-four pension clerks standing on their heads in the entrance to the Library of Congress. Name your particular brand of idiocy. The second two are fortunately imaginary. The first one is unfortunately true.

Sometimes, you know, it seems as though there were really such a thing as Progress. As though it were as slow as a glacier, but as though, after all, it moved. As if some day, some sweetly gladsome day, the Smith families would get in a full supply of groceries, and not borrow any more; and there should be no more wooden-shoe dancing in vaudeville; and the Sunday newspapers would have returned to their original size of ninety-six pages. This is an inspiration. A vision. And then what? Then they bring on a six-day bicycle race, and Progress goes out and falls dead on the front stoop.

There be those who take pleasure and find excitement in dominoes, or high-low-jack, or even the humble but ancient mumble-the-peg. Others see no well-balanced stimulus short of dialectics, and exercise themselves prodigiously over questions of terminology. Then croquet, in which open play has now taken the place of former roughness, has adherents. Many a sedate person would give his fingers to be able to go out back of old man Morrison's barn back in Skidville, and play "duck-on-the-rock," last feller to the corner being "first duck." These are sports. But just where the sport of riding a bicycle in a circle for six days and nights, watching the moist shirt of another man in front, for less profit than is ordinarily gained by an honest milkman—where the sport creeps in is hard to see.



STOLEN FRUITS, we are informed, are passing sweet; undeserved rewards are equally exquisite.



PUCK'S GARGOYLES.

I.—GARGOYLE SUITABLE FOR "THE OUTLOOK" OFFICE.



"HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?"

TEMPER AND TEMPERAMENT.



IF THE prima donna who throweth a dish of spaghetti at her butler the world saith: "She hath the artistic temperament." And of the washer-woman who scaldeth her husband with a pot of bean soup the husband's relatives saith: "She hath a devilish temper."

Cultivate temperament if thou wilt, but beware of temper. The rich man, in a burst of temper, bursteth a blood-vessel and droppeth dead. The poor man getteth hot in the collar, and the collar, being celluloid, igniteth and burneth him to death. While angry at the woman he loveth, a man marryeth a woman he doth not love. And, behold it costeth him half his fortune to regain his temper—and his freedom.

Yet temper hath its uses. It giveth a man courage to do that which he lacketh the nerve to perpetrate in cold blood. And it serveth as an admirable excuse. If he saith: "Pardon me, I have such an ungovernable temper," he is forgiven, as if he were a lunatic and not responsible.

Temper maketh Johnny to go

into tantrums. And, behold, his mother announceth proudly: "Johnny is such a high-strung child. So much temperament, don't you know." Which remark Johnny often overheareth and, being wiser than thou wouldst expect of such a mother, he stringeth her some more and himself still higher, until father steppeth in with a shingle paddle and breaketh the string.

Temper maketh madam to snap at the hand of her husband when it petteth her. And hubby, saying: "She is so nervous," putteth on a glove that his hand may not be lacerated, and caresseth her more tenderly than ever.

Temperament, like temper, is greatly over-

worked as an excuse. The man who defraudeth the barber and doth his best to keep the clothes-cleaner and presser from earning a living, pleadeth in extenuation the poetic temperament. And the one who keepeth irregular hours and worse company, and whose shirt-bosom feeleth the imprint of a rouged cheek more often than the touch of a laundress's hand, attributeth his delinquencies to the Bohemian temperament. The supposed possession of a literary temperament hath led many a woman to take a course in the literature of the Italian Renaissance when she needeth far worse a course of treatment by a manicurist, a modiste, and a hair-dresser. Verily, yea, verily, a sweet temper is more to be desired than a sweetheart, and is easier to keep.

Terrell Love Holliday.

TOO SOON.

THE cave-man was gifted with prophetic vision, and when he perceived how hideously hairy he was, a discontent took possession of him. "If automobiles were only invented," he muttered bitterly, "I should be setting the style in winter coats!" That sense of having been born too soon, when has it not served to rob men of their peace?



DUCK-ON-A-ROCK.

After all, not so many American husbands deceive their wives—if our men are not too honorable our women are, at all events, too shrewd.



RESTORING COMPETITION.

What Will Engaged Men Do About It When Girls Obey the Sherman Law?



PERCIVAL KNIGHT



CLIFTON CRAWFORD

OLGA PETROVA

MAY VOKES

MAISIE GAY

ED. C. HILL '11



INA CLARE

"The Quaker Girl."

"THE QUAKER GIRL," at the Park Theatre, one of the London Gaiety importations, is a good show of its kind. It recalls somewhat the type of musical comedies put on at Daly's some years back, when pieces like "Three Little Maids" and "The School Girl" were brought over from the other side. "The Quaker Girl" is funny in a well-bred English way; the music is Lionel Moncton at his best; and, best of all, the show has not been Americanized, a stunt which is fatal to most London musical comedies. Also "The Quaker Girl" introduces a new prima donna, Miss Ina Clare, who was one of the few bright spots in Richard Carle's show last season. She is pretty, sings fairly well, and has a lot of personality, to make use of an overworked term. Miss Clare is not unlike Edna May in her methods, and has it all over Gertie Millar, the Quaker girl of the London company. Next to Ina Clare comes May Vokes, who is very, very funny as the ladies' maid. If you don't enjoy her song "Thereabouts," something must be wrong with your sense of

humor. Clifton Crawford as *Tony Chute* makes a lot out of the leading male rôle. He sings two of his own songs, the only interpolations in the show; "Get Away, I'm a Married Man," is quite good. The verse on Paul Revere's ride, which ends up:

"All danger is comparative
Let go my horse's narrative."

ought to be inserted in the history books. Maisie Gay as *Madame Blum* does very well, but she tries just a little too hard to be funny at times. Percival Knight, of "Peter Dooley" fame, plays *Jeremiah*, who is a Quaker on his mother's side only; *Jeremiah* takes after father. Lawrence Rea acts as badly as possible. He makes up for it, however, by his rendering of "Come to the Ball," the song hit of the piece. E. Pope Stamper, Olga Petrova, and Daphne Glennie do well in lesser rôles. If you like English musical comedy of the Gaiety brand go and see "The Quaker Girl." You'll like it. W. E. Hill.

PETER'S NEEDLESS ALARM.

AFTER living in poverty eighty-one years, Peter Odell of Waterville, Kansas, has just been notified that he is heir to an estate of \$250,000. "Why could he not live to enjoy it, and not leave it to me?" I don't know



what to do with so much money. I am afraid of it," are the words attributed to Peter when he heard the news.

Listen, Peter, and take heart. There are about 90,000,000 people in our galaxy who are willing to show the courage of a lion in dealing with the object of your doubt and fear. Before these words are uttered in print a goodly number of this ninety

million will have corresponded with you, cheering you with kindly words, and offering to shoulder your burden. You will have been offered the golden opportunity of financing a magazine; of passing within on the ground floor of those fascinating copper-mines out there on the blue-prints; of sending Theresa MacGillicuddy to Paris for the sake of her lovely voice; of investing in many divers substantial "propositions" which will relieve you of any possible doubt as to the manner in which you will pass your remaining years.

You will receive urgent word, Peter, from the "manufacturer of a staple article who wishes to enlarge his plant;" from the inventor who has an "indispensable accessory for all households;" from the "successful business man who requires a partner with small capital;" and the "Social Whirl Stock Company," which would be happy if you would only act as treasurer, tear tickets at the door, and deposit an insignificant and merely perfunctory sum as guarantee of good faith.

Be of good cheer, Peter of Waterville. Your wealthy kinsman, 't is true, did not live to enjoy the money. He lived NOT to enjoy it, or he would n't have had it so long.

MAKE AN EFFORT.

OF COURSE, Christmas comes in Dec., That fact is not hard to rem.
On the first of the year
All the bills will appear.
Try to have them all paid by Sep.

NO WONDER.

DRUMMER.—Say, what are you people so swelled up about? Last time I went through everybody was congenial, and now I can hardly get a person to speak.

UNCLE EBEN.—You'll pardon us, but it's our town pride. You see, Si Summers picked up an automobile guide-book that fell out of a machine last week, and we found that the old tannery swamp is a Mountain Tarn, Simmons's stone-quarry a Precipice, the Methodist cemetery a Colonial Burying-Ground, Bill Moodler's saloon a Wayside Inn, and the whole darn country chock full of historical antidotes and delusions.

HER VIEW.

THE BROTHER.—She's got lovable eyes, kissable lips, a huggable shape, and holdable hands.

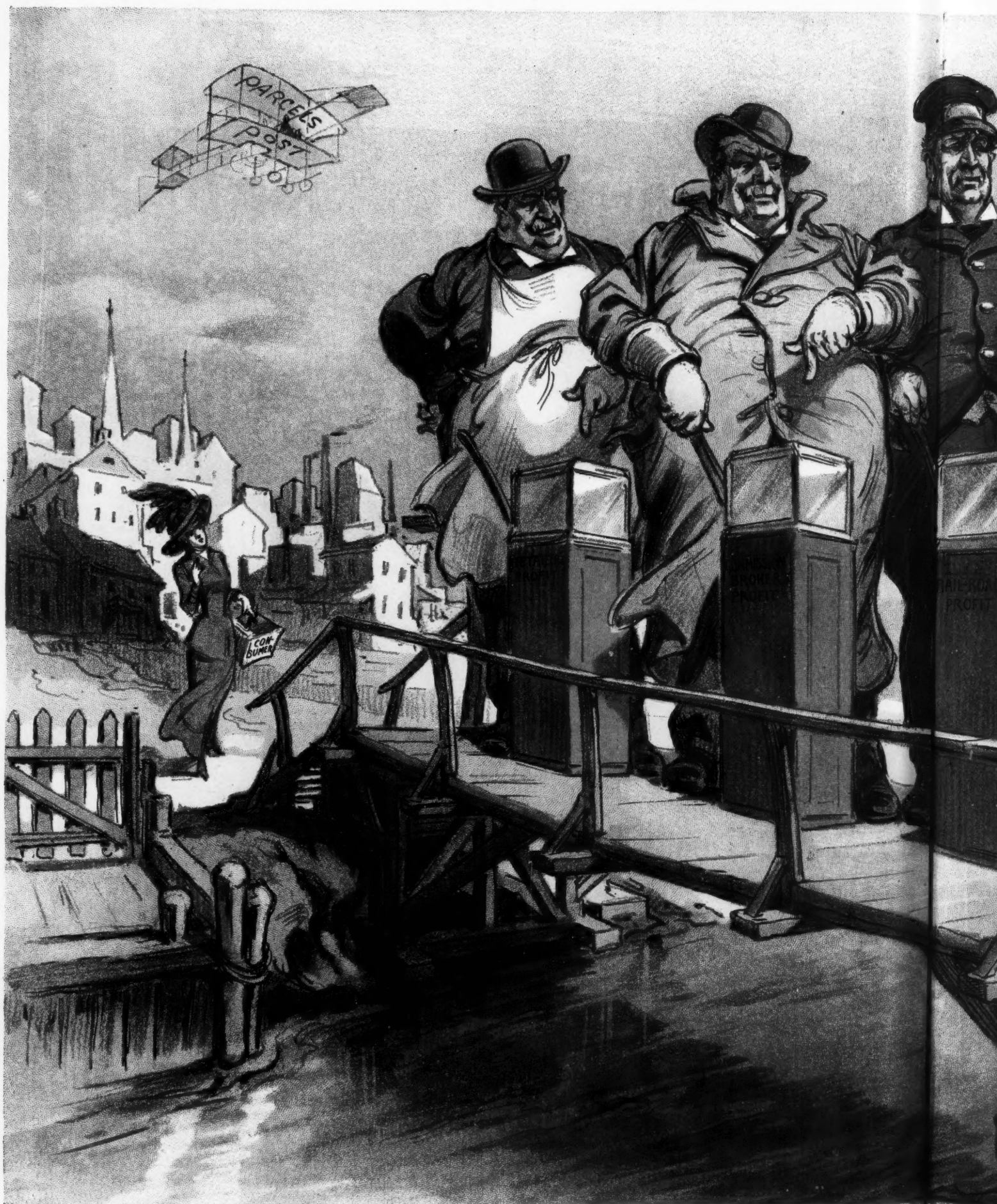
HIS SISTER.—Yes, and she's got removable hair, adjustable hips, colorable brows, and a transferable complexion.



ASKING TOO MUCH.

Our friend, Snitzenblink, says he is always suspicious of a man who don't look him straight in the face.

Some men are not half so anxious to make their mark as they are to cover up some already made.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE TOLL-TAKE
IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT, YOU KNOW



THE TOL-TAKERS.
TAKE IT, YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO.

The Coquette.



LOVEY, it was jes' in fun,
What Ah said to you,
An' Ah's sorry foh it, hon;
'Deed Ah is—dat's true.
Since you lef' me Ah has bin
Missin' of you so—
Ain' you comin' back agin
No mo'?

Honey, you ain't got no call
To be mad wif me;
Ah was foolin', an' dat's all,
Niggah, cain't you see?
Jokin' ain' no mohtal sin,—
You 'll fohgive me, sho'—
Ain' you comin' back agin
No mo'?

Honey—c'ose Ah loves you, an'
If you 'll jes' fohgit
Ah won't see no othah man,
Ah won't joke one bit!
Won't you kiss me? Cain't Ah win
All yoah love back? O,
Ain' you comin' back agin
No mo'?

Berton Braley.

A BILLY DIALOGUE.

TAFT.—Good-morrow, Wickersham! Have you found a solution?
WICK.—Nothing definite. But there's one thing sure: We can't go back to competition.
TAFT.—We must.



CERTAINLY.

GUIDE.—No one has ever been able to find out what the Sphinx stands for,—whom it represents!
AMERICAN TOURIST.—That's nothing! We've got lots of Congressmen home the same way!

WICK.—But we can't. Morgan is right. We can't unscramble eggs.
TAFT.—Well, something must be done.
WICK.—Yes, something must be done. The mob is clamoring for—
TAFT.—S-sh!
WICK.—Beg pardon—the people. The people are clamoring for relief.
TAFT.—I know it, and the election approaches apace.
WICK.—Aye, even faster than that, Billy.
TAFT.—Do you think it would do any good if I made some more speeches?
WICK.—Without intending any disrespect, good chief, I hardly think it would.
TAFT.—It is a pretty mess! What are the possible courses?
WICK.—To make a great stirring around and beating of the bushes as if we were going to crush the Trusts with one mighty blow of the stuffed club.
TAFT.—That would satisfy the Trusts, but not the people. We have already been at that too long. The people have become too sophisticated for much more of that! What else?
WICK.—We could ignore the Trust question, and talk about Conservation or Interstate Commerce or some other side-issue.
TAFT.—No, that won't do. We must do something about the Trusts. What else do you think of?
WICK.—We might acquire them by purchase or condemnation.

TAFT.—Horrors! That is Socialism.
WICK.—I know it, but you must remember that Socialism is becoming very strong.
TAFT.—Yes, I know. That's what worries me, but we can make no concessions. As I see it, the only way is to enforce the Sherman Law.
WICK.—To the letter?
TAFT.—No. According to the interpretation of the Supreme Court. That helps some. We surely must enforce the laws. That's what we were elected for, and we need not apologize for it. Even the Trusts cannot blame us for that.
WICK.—Can't they, though? They can't, but they will.
TAFT.—Perhaps you're right. Yes, perhaps you're right. It's a knotty problem.
WICK.—How about repealing the Sherman Law?
TAFT.—I've thought about that, but I don't see what we would gain by it. It would n't solve the Trust question. On the contrary, we might be in a worse position than we are now. I admit the Sherman Law is no good, but if we repealed it we might have to pass a good one.
WICK.—Yes, that's true. And the Trusts simply would n't agree to a good one.
TAFT.—No. They won't agree to anything but dividends. Dear, dear, sometimes I think we have an impossible task before us!



HOW LONG CAN HE KEEP HIS SEAT?

WICK.—What do you mean by that?
TAFT.—I mean that it is next to impossible to find a solution of the Trust question which will please both the Trusts and the people at one and the same time.
WICK.—I'm half inclined to agree with you. But come, chief, be of good cheer! Never give up the ship! If you only can secure a re-election, the whole matter can be played with for four years more, leaving the hard work for your successor.
TAFT.—No. I don't believe we can procrastinate that much longer. Something must be done, and quickly.
WICK.—I guess you're right. Something must be done.
TAFT.—What shall it be?
WICK.—That's the question. What shall it be?
Ellis O. Jones.

Minstrels are so anxious to be funny that they make themselves black in the face trying to be so.



"THE LADY WINS!"

"O ME," remarked the Old Codger, with his customary sarcastiloquacity, "the most enjoyable portion of the circus is the chariot race. I like the whole performance—the heat and dust and band-clatter, the rip and rush and uproar, the foolishness of the clowns, the flash and glitter of the costumes, the smell of the trampled dog-fennel and rag-weed—I enjoy the whole thing, but it is when the iron-faced man mounts the little pulpit just inside the upper end of the oval made by the big ring and announces the hippodrome races that I really quit squirming and forget how much harder the seats are than they were when I was a fat boy.

"There's the flat race, the clown race, the pony race, the standing race, and so on. And last of all come the chariots, with their axles *phlugg-phlugging*, one drawn by three big gray horses driven by a skimp, anxious-looking man with most of his shirt fluttering behind him, and the other by three hard-mouthed blacks masterfully managed by a large lady with a face like an anvil. Around the first turn they go, the lady on the outside, and down the other side, the wheels *ker-phlug-gity-chucking* and the twenty-four hoofs of the horses drumming a tattoo that makes your heart beat faster, and come around the turn, the little gentleman driving a trifle too far so that the large lady manages to bring her team on the inside. Then up along our side they come, with practically all of the gentleman's garment but the neckband seemingly about to be left hopelessly behind, while the large lady is a little more chaste about it, but just as dead in earnest.

"This time she fails to saw around the turn quick enough, and—ah-hah!—the little man cuts in ahead and rounds the corner on the inside. But his advantage is only temporary, for at the lower end the lady cuts him out, and up our side again they come, thudding and slashing, the wheels *kloppity-chugging*, the horses furiously fighting their bits, while their hoofs pound out a raging rataplan that sounds like liver-pills as big as ostrich eggs falling on the roof of a widow's soul-house, and the band ripping off roaring rags of melody and flinging them away, and you and me yelling and never knowing it. Tell ye, some of the circus acts may be fakes, but you betcha, by ginger, this 'ere race is for blood! See there!—how anxious the little man looks! And notice

the way the big lady leans right out over the horses, fairly lifting them on to victory! And the feller there in the judge's stand—by golly, he's excited, too, and jumps around in his box like a toad on a hot griddle! Aw, don't tell me!—*There!* You can taste his satisfaction as he informs us in no uncertain tones that 'The la-a-a-ay-dee wi-i-ins!'

"And then, after they have rounded the turn and started for the exit, the horses drop down to a slow trot of their own accord, and the little man looks relieved and the big lady turns on him what she probably intends for a friendly smile, and the feller in the judge's stands yawns and comes down out of it, and—Pshaw! I forgot for a minute that it was only a put-up job and the lady always wins, and—Darned if I'll stay for the concert! I won't be stung for another ten cents. Eh? O, well, if you are going to stay, why, as long as I'm a sucker I may as well be a good one.

"All through life, despite the best-laid plans of mice and men, the lady wins. No matter how diplomatically you move to manage your wife without letting her know she is being managed, the lady wins; you

generally don't recognize the fact, but she wins just the same. Who names the baby? Who has the new hat that you say you can't afford? Who is dragged off to dances and doingses when you are tired to death and know that nobody but a born fool enjoys the flipper-flapper that passes for society talk? Who is it—Aw, honest, now, who always wins?

"And along toward 'lection time various abuses are so deftly pointed out to us that we think we saw 'em first, and we are aroused to the pitch of frenzy over the imminence of everlasting disaster and blue ruin generally if we don't find a Moses pretty blame' quick to lead us out of the wilderness. And lo, behold, we always find him most opportunely, and he hangs back and pleads that he has n't got his music with him, but finally consents; and we cheer in great relief, and pitch to it and rend our raiment and elect him—and the lady wins. And we never find out till the dust has settled that it is just another chariot-race, all fixed before-

hand for the lady to win. In fact, all through the race of life, we are up against a put-up job. The lady always wins." *Tom P. Morgan.*

KIND-HEARTED STRANGER.—See here, my friend, take my advice and let those dice alone. They're loaded.

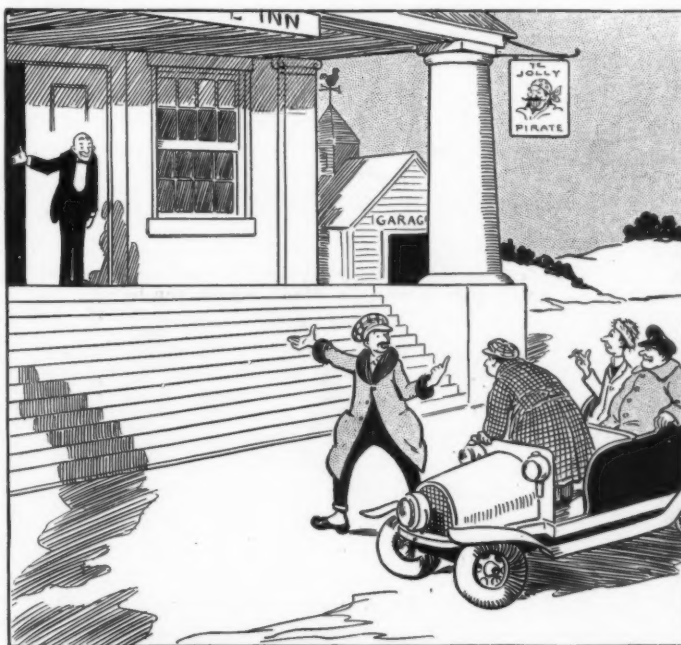
INTOXICATED GAMBLER.—Certainly they are! So'm I. Fair for one as 't is for the other!



THE EAR ALPHABET.

DEAF AND DUMB RABBITS IN ANIMATED CONVERSATION.

Tale of a Wayside Inn.



INN.



OUT.

THE FRESHMAN.

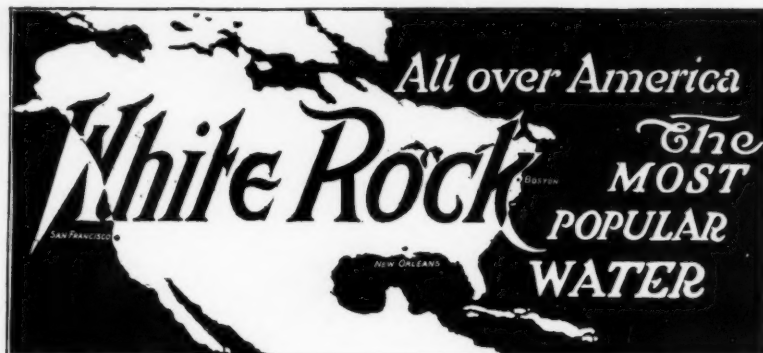
Who wonders where his coin has gone,
And gets stung when the grades are drawn,
And takes gym to increase his brawn?
The Freshman.

Who is it wears the "rah-rah" clothes,
And tries to publish what he knows—
Who's not aware that the "green" still shows?
The Freshman.

Who spends his coin on the "fair co-ed"
Until he's gone 'way "in the red"
And cannot pay for board or bed?
The Freshman.

Who gets so mixed up in the "frat"
That he can't tell where he is at?
Who is it that does all of that?
The Freshman.

—The Coyote.



THE CHOICE VINTAGE.



I.
"Let us have a fine bottle of
Chambertin, Monsieur Paul."



II.
"Attention, wine-steward! A
bottle of Chambertin, 1860."



III.
"I understand—I'll handle it
with great care."



IV.
"Ah, a famous vintage!"



V.
"Light to hold!"



VI.
"Light as air!"



VII.
"And good for good fellows!"

For Holiday Good Cheer

Connoisseurs Unanimously Prefer
The Best American Champagne
To All Foreign Brands

For the healths to be pledged, toasts to be given, the many expressions of good will and good cheer to be made during the approaching holiday season only the best American champagne should be used.

It is a mistaken idea to suppose that the high price of many imported wines necessarily represents high quality, because in that price must be included not only expensive ship rates but a very heavy import duty—which in reality means two prices for the ultimate consumer on all imported champagnes.

Americans with keenly discriminating palates invariably choose Cook's Imperial Champagne, not only the best American Champagne, but the best Champagne in the World,—made from the choicest grapes that grow, picked from the vine when the juice is just right for wine making.

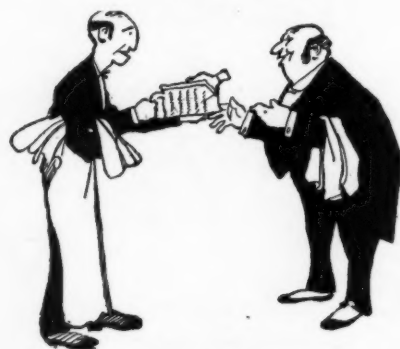
Connoisseurs unite in saying that the purity, delicate flavor, bouquet and excellence of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne are unequaled by the finest genuine imported varieties, yet the price is only half of what you are asked to pay for imported wines.

The large and increasing demand for this truly excellent wine is encouraging, showing that the American people not only loyally patronize home industries, but when it comes to a matter of quality, they are not to be satisfied with anything but the best obtainable.

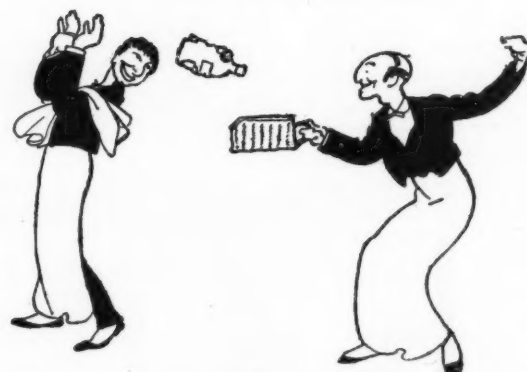
Every one who appreciates the good things of life should take home a bottle of Cook's Imperial Champagne for the holiday celebrations and convince himself that regardless of price, it is unquestionably the best champagne obtainable.



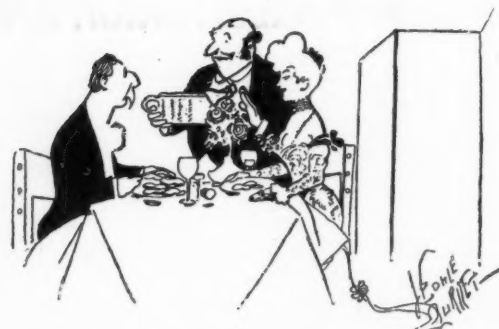
VIII.
"Here, omnibus!"



X
"Here, Monsieur Paul!"



IX.
"Here, garçon!"



XI.
"The Chambertin, sir; above all, be careful
not to shake it."—Le Rire.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash
of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in
stamps. O. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

UNDER FIRE.

"What makes you so sure that man
will be firm and courageous where the
bullets are flying thickest?" asked one
officer.

"He has a record," replied the other.
"He used to be a guide for hunting
parties in the Maine woods."—*Wash-
ington Star.*

LOADED FOR FAIR.

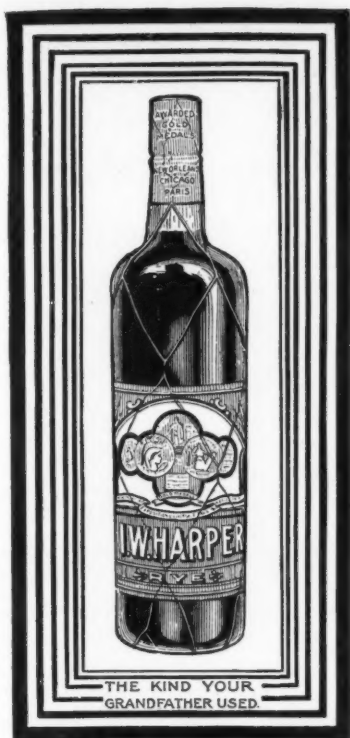
"Isn't it funny? When he was alive
he used to get loaded on a highball."

"Well?"
"And when he died he was loaded
on a bier."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Pears'

Learn to say "Pears"
when you ask for soap.
There are other soaps, of
course, but Pears' is best
for you and matchless for
the complexion.

You can buy Pears' everywhere.



THE STRANGER.—Is there a good criminal lawyer in your town?

THE NATIVE.—Well, everybody thinks we've got one, but they ain't been able to prove it on him.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

HE.—I told your father I could not live without you.

SHE.—And what did he say?

HE.—O, he offered to pay my funeral expenses.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE APPEARANCE OF EVIL.

"Sister Henderson," said Deacon Hypers, "you should avoid even the appearance of evil."

"Why, deacon, what do you mean?" asked Sister Henderson.

"I observe that on your sideboard you have several cut-glass decanters, and that each of them is half filled with what appears to be ardent spirits."

"Well, now, deacon, it isn't anything of the kind. The bottles look so pretty on the sideboard that I just filled them half way with some floor-stain and furniture polish, just for appearances."

"That's why I am cautioning you, sister," replied the deacon. "Feeling a trifle weak and faint, I helped myself to a dose from the big bottle in the middle."—*London Telegraph.*



THE BRAGGARTS.

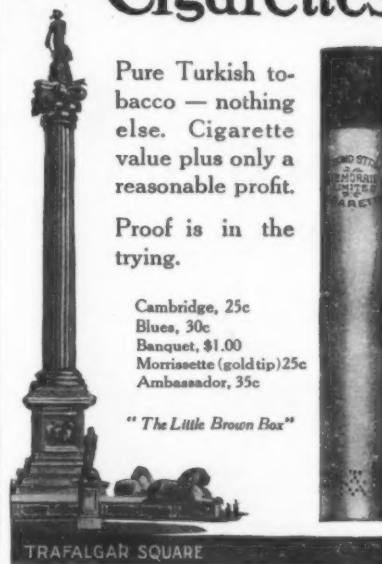
"You never had measles at your school—did you?"

"And you never had a fit in the street—I did!"—*London Opinion.*

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Philip Morris Cigarettes

ORIGINAL LONDON



Pure Turkish tobacco — nothing else. Cigarette value plus only a reasonable profit.

Proof is in the trying.

Cambridge, 25c
Blues, 30c
Banquet, \$1.00
Morrisette (gold tip) 25c
Ambassador, 35c

"The Little Brown Box"

THE GIST OF IT.

Two and two make four. This is a platitude.

Two and two make three. This is demagogism.

Two and two make one hundred and fifty. This is high finance.—*Lippincott's.*

Mrs. A.—Your husband always dresses so quietly.

Mrs. B.—He does not. You ought to hear him when he loses a collar-button.—*Milwaukee Daily News.*

PUCK'S ILLUMINATED CHRISTMAS CARD

Those of our readers who, in former years, have made their friends a **CHRISTMAS PRESENT** of a year's Subscription to PUCK, will be glad to learn that we are still issuing our Handsome Presentation Card. It is designed by the well-known artist, Mr. F. A. Nankivell, and is a beautiful example of color printing.

The Best Christmas Present— A Year's Subscription to Puck and Puck's Christmas Card

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as A **SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT**, but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card, of which the above reduced sketch gives the design in outline.



This card, (size $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of the giver and receiver are printed on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;
To send by mail to distant dear ones;
To put in the stocking, or to lay under the Xmas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making A **SUITABLE CHRISTMAS PRESENT**.
Address, PUCK, NEW YORK.

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NO BETTER CHAMPAGNE CAN BE MADE

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are promptly relieved with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamp. W. F. Young, P.D.F.: 423 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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USE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE, EFFECTIVE. 50c. & \$1.00
DRUGGISTS, or 93 Henry St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

BRINGING HER UP.

Little Willie, mean as hell.
Pushed his sister in the well;
Mother said, in drawing water,
"T is so hard to raise a daughter."
—*The Coyote.*

"Why all this crowd?"

"They are waiting to get in to hear Jane Addams."

"O, and what is she playing in to-night?"

"She is going to tell them about Hull House."

"I see; one of Dickens's plays."—*Indianapolis News.*

"So you have quit laughing at your wife's hats?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Growcher. "The funnier they seem to me the more convinced she is that they must be correct in style."—*Washington Star.*

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NOT THAT WAY.

"Then I'm to tell the firm," the bill-collector said, making a memorandum in his notebook, "that you'll probably settle this account next week?"

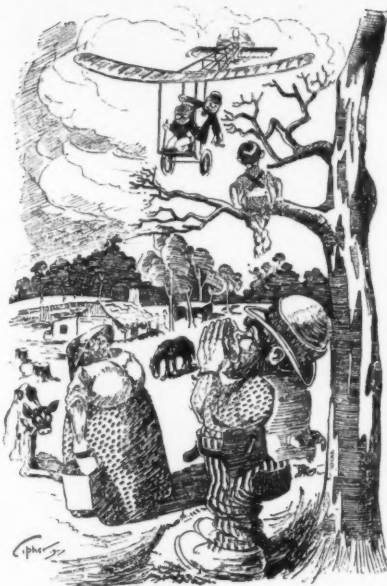
"Well, I'd hardly put it that way," hesitatingly answered the other. "Probably" is a pretty strong word; better make it "possibly."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish

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It will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 25c 1 lb box. For sale by drugists and dealers. Send 2c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 208 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

A LIVELY SENSATION.



PAT.—Coo-ee! Mick, phwat does yez fale loike up there floying around loike a birrud in a airypine?

MICK.—Is it yerself, Pat? Well, come up and see. I fale just loike one of Heaven's angels out on lave of absence, sure.

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

"WOULD you say the Presidency or the judiciary is the noblest institution in the land?" asked the Interrogative Person.

"Without intending to cast a slur on either the Presidency or the judiciary," answered the Opinionated Person, "I should say that payday holds that enviable eminence."—*Buffalo Express.*

Smoke This Christmas Calabash on the Outers' Book

This splendid pipe is given absolutely

Free With a Year of The Outer's Book at \$1.50.

You know the magazine—a live, red-blooded monthly of outdoor topics, an authority for sportsmen, filled with good stories, notes and wrinkles that amount to something—dressed up in life-size magazine style, with hundreds of interesting pictures and stories that will hit you where you live. It's there with the goods every month.

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Outer's Book, Dep't 10, Milwaukee, Wis.

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See that Drip Vent

It Can't Clog or Plug



POSITIVE PROOF WANTED.

A Scotsman went to London for a holiday. Walking along one of the streets, he noticed a bald-headed chemist standing at his shop door, and inquired if he had any hair restorer.

"Yes, sir," said the chemist; "step inside, please. There's an article I can highly recommend. Testimonials from great men who use it. It makes the hair grow in twenty-four hours."

"Aweel," said the Scot, "ye can gie the top of your head a bit rub wi't, and I'll look back the morn and see if you're tellin' the truth."—*Ideas.*

"You say he has untold wealth?"

"Yep. Has n't filed a tax statement for years."—*Exch.*

MOST LIKELY.

A VERY loyal lady of British birth asked an American dame in England whether they had any painters in America.

"O, yes," said the American, "you have some of them over here—Sargent and Abbey and Mrs. Merritt and McClure Hamilton."

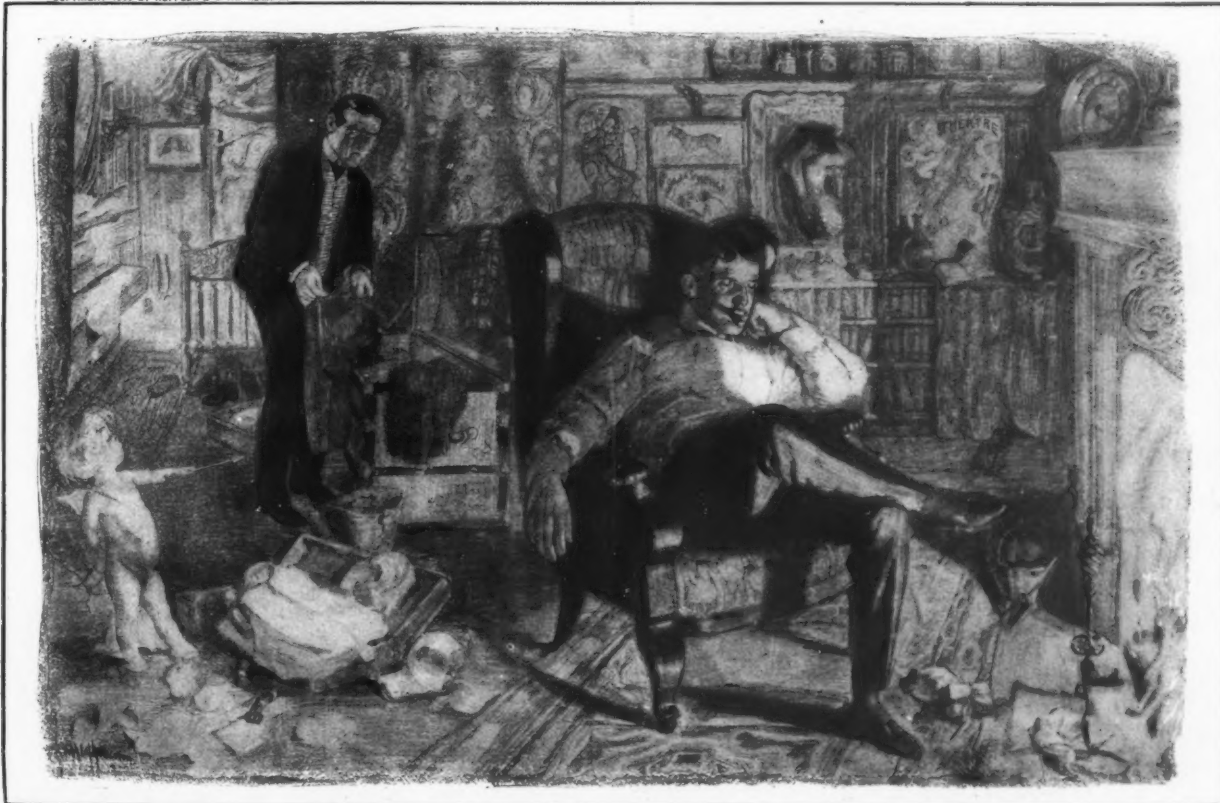
"Dear me!" said the English lady, "you'll be claiming Whistler next!"—*Exchange.*

QUESTION.—Don't you know that the amount charged you for postage by your campaign manager would buy enough stamps to paper the Great Pyramid?

THE ANSWER.—By George! Is that what he did with them?—*Plain Dealer.*

A Suggestion for Christmas

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